Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answere to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's saide or done amisse this night:
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way: If once I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,

Tho

Tho he had twinn'd with me, bot
Shall loose me; what, in a Town
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts bri
To mannage priuate and domesti
In night, and on the Court and g
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began
Mon. If partiality affin'd, or
Thou doest deliuer more or lesse
Thou art no soldier.
Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha' this tongue out o
Then it should doe offence to *M*
Yet I perswade my selfe to speak
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus
Montanio and my selfe being in s
There comes a fellow, crying out
And *Cassio* following him with d
To execute vpon him: Sir this G
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates h
My selfe the crying fellow did pu
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell o
The Towne might fall in fright:
Out ran my purpose: and I retur
For that I heard the clinke and fal
And *Cassio* high in oath, which ti
I ne're might say before: when I c
For this was briefe, I found them
At blow and thrust, euen as again
When you your selfe did part the
More of this matter can I not rep
But men are men, the best someti
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong
As men in rage strike those that w
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu
From him that fled, some strange
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince

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